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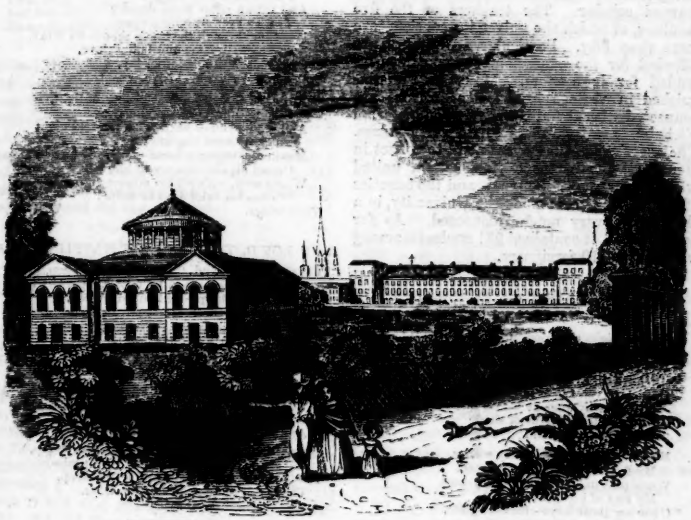

BONN UNIVERSITY,

THE SEAT OF PRINCE ALBERT'S EDUCATION.

Bonn,* the capital of the Prussian government of Cologne, formerly the residence of the Elector of Cologne, is situate on the left bank of the Rhine, with 1109 houses, four Catholic, and since 1817, one Protestant church. It contains 10,600 inhabitants, among whom are 200 Jews, who dwell in a particular street.† Bonn was formerly fortified; the works were demolished in 1717. A Lyceum was instituted here in 1802. An academy had been established in 1777, and in 1786 erected into an university; this institution was superseded by the Lyceum. The manufactures are not important; the commerce is chiefly in the hands of the Jews. A walk, with four rows of trees, and one thousand two hundred paces in length, leads to the beautiful palace of Clemensruhe, near the village of Poppelsdorf. Bonn contains the University of the Rhine, the charter of which was given October 18, 1818, at Aix-la-Chapelle, by the King of Prussia; who, at the same time, endowed it with an annual income of 80,000 Prussian dollars, 16,000 of which are appropriated to the botanical garden. The former residence of the Elector of Cologne was bestowed on the University. It has been fitted up at great expense, and is surpassed, in extent and beauty, by no university buildings in Europe. It contains all the lecture halls, a library of more than 50,000 volumes, a museum of antiquities, a collection of casts of the principal ancient statues, a cabinet for natural philosophy, clinical institutions of uncommon extent and order, to which will be added, a Catholic theological seminary, and a convictorium (refectory). The paintings in the Aula minor, (among others, the great allegorical picture, *The Christian Church*,) were executed by some pupils of Cornelius. To the liberality of the king, the university owes also an anatomical hall, a new riding-school, and an edifice, once a royal palace, in Poppelsdorf, ten minutes walk from the city, which contains the mineralogical and zoological collections, and before which, lies the botanical garden. Adjoining

* Mirror, p. 25, Students at Bonn.

† Geographical, Political, &c., Description of Germany. By J. G. Boetticher.

it, are lands and buildings for the use of the agricultural Institute. The tower of the old Custom House, which commands a fine view, is destined for an observatory. The king has also established here, a printing-press for Sanscrit, under the inspection of A. W. von Schlegel. The museum of German and Roman antiquities is under the direction of the same learned scholar. The teachers of the five faculties, of which the university consists, are more than fifty. Particular advantages are afforded for the education of young men intended for instructors. Many men distinguished in various branches of science are connected with the university. The historian Niebuhr, repaired there to deliver lectures. The exertions of the government, to collect in Bonn, all the means of instruction, united with the charms of the place, and the beauties of the scenery, have made the University, in a short time, very much frequented. As far back as 1826, it contained 931 students, among whom were 110 foreigners.

WORLDLINESS TO A NOBLE SOUL. A LAMENT.

It is a bright and glorious morn,
Calm and ethereal is the air,
Day's rosy curtains, half withdrawn,
Unveil a prospect fair,
Of distant vales in green arrayed,
And hills by ancient woods o'er-run,
Casting their pyramids of shade
Before the rising sun.

No more, amid those lovely scenes,
My feet may wander as of yore,
When rapt in fancy's wildest dreams,
My cup of joy ran o'er.
Gone are those days—for ever gone,
I see the land of promise fair—
Like him who Pisgah's summit won,
I may not enter there.

Chained to the oar of worldly toil,
I pass my cheerless hours away,
And leagued with slaves of Mammon's spoil,
Wear out each glorious day.
Quenched is the fervour of the soul;
The common business of mankind,
Details, in pitiless control,
The pinions of the mind.

Oh! rather would I spend my life,
A denizen of woods and fields,
Tasting the joys, remote from strife,
Unspotted nature yields,
Than feast with those, whose every dream
Is to ambitious schemes allied,
Whose days roll on, a mingled stream
Of selfishness and pride.

Did I believe my future years
Would all this dull complexion wear,
Life were indeed a vale of tears,
A vision of despair—
Then should I long to pierce the gloom
Which shrouds God's throne from mortal sight,
And hail the silence of the tomb
With rapturous delight.

Yet are there many pleasures here,
Of pure and intellectual kind,
And joys to sacred memory dear,
The banquets of the mind.
And nature's sacred power can still
The fevered anguish of the breast,
And in life's bitterest draught instil
The balm of holy rest.

When I behold the Queen of Night
Through silver clouds her way pursue,
Or see the Lord of boundless light
His radiant course renew;
Or hear the voice of woodland mirth,
Or murmur of the ocean wave,
I feel there yet are joys on earth
Ambition never gave.

Oh, yes!—and Fancy's spells can weave
Pleasures reality denies,
And with a pious fraud deceive
Truth's ever searching eyes—
Whether through Spenser's scenes we stray,
Of knightly fame and ladies' love,
Or rise on Milton's loftier lay,
To nobler worlds above.

But soon these transient gleams of light,
Like morning visions fade away,
And gloom comes back with ten-fold night
To chase each lingering ray.
Meanness, hypocrisy and crime,
Crowd all the avenues of life,
Where man, with all his powers sublime,
Wastes his brief days in strife!

Trowbridge. W. H. T.

THE LOV'D, THE LOST, OF HAPPIER DAYS.

Oh cease, my friend, those chords to sweep,
Strike not one note in friendship's praise;
Mute be thine harp—we'll sit and weep,
The lov'd, the lost, of happier days.

What though each string, now still and dead,
Struck by thine hand, again inspire,
Can it bring back the peace that fled
With bright-ey'd hope and young desire?

Ah, no! 'tis not as in youth's bloom
The hours of life now jocund fly,
For mirth but hastens to the tomb,
And pleasure vanishes—to die.

Cease, then, my friend, those chords to sweep,
Raise not the song in friendship's praise,
Hush'd be thine harp!—and let us weep,
The lov'd, the lost, of happier days.

C. S.

ICELANDIC MUSIC.

The family continue their labours till a late hour in the night, often till two and three in the morning, enlivened by listening to one of the party who chants some saga out of a book, by the light of a dim seal-oil lamp. At times, the monotony of the single voice is relieved by a hymn, the kind of music most relished by the Icelanders, in which the whole family join. Occasionally they indulge in instrumental music, and the longspeil is taken down from the wall to serve as an accompaniment to their mournful ditties. This is the only musical instrument known among them, and is by no means calculated to enliven their spirits; indeed, if its gloomy tones are capable of producing any effect, I should say it is that of instilling a black melancholy into the mind. In form, it is a mere oblong tapering box, about two feet long and three inches wide, terminating something like the head of a fiddle, and played upon with a violin bow. When in use it is laid upon a table, and the fore-finger is applied only to the outer one of its three steel wires; and were it not for this difference, it would give one the idea of a guitar in a rapid state of decline.—*Dillon's Winter in Lapland.*

THE HIGH TOR TRAGEDY.

CHAPTER I.

Like power abides
In man's celestial spirit; virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the encumbrances of mortal life
From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt;
And sometimes, so relenting justice wills
From palpable oppressions of despair.—*Wordsworth.*

It was the Vigil of St. John the Baptist—but the customary solemnities of that holy season were strongly pretermitted in the evening services of the Abbey Church of Glastonbury, where in place of the full choir, but a few pale haggard monks were now assembled—while a single taper here and there, glimmered feebly through the portentous gloom that seemed to overhang and fill the edifice.

"Nos pulvis et cinis
Timentes, trementes
Prostrati ploramus ad *Te*."

The chords of the organ were touched by an uncertain hand—the responsive echoes rose and fell in mournful undulations along the vaulted aisles—and the usually full, rich, and mellow voices of the choristers trembled as they took up the strain.

The Abbot Richard sat within his private chamber—his firmly moulded chin was rested on his hands, which were frigidly clasped together—his broad and massive forehead showed the stern contraction of deep and painful meditation—his cheek was pale and wan, and his deep set, and somewhat proud, dark eye, was raised and gazing into distance through the splendid tracery of the oriel window.

Before him, on the table, lay a magnificent illuminated copy of the Scriptures, in the Latin tongue; a richly-bound Breviary, clasped, and embossed with gold, and an hour-glass; —a silver lamp was set beside the Bible, and its dim light, as it waved to and fro, now brought into relief the stately features of the Abbot, and now threw a sickly glare over the beautifully modelled crucifix which was placed in a niche just facing him; while sometimes brightening into a startling reality, as the flame shot upwards, when the churchman trimmed the lamp, and sometimes fading into a sort of spectral obscurity, as the gleam subsided, stood the figure of a vigilant and wary sentinel at the arched door of the chamber. His limbs were sheathed in plate of mail—his morion was unclasped, and set beside him, from respect to the sacred character of his unhappy prisoner; and as he stood in a military attitude, and leaned upon his two-handed sword, his harsh and rugged features assumed an aspect of unrelenting sternness, while he bent his keen and thoughtful eye upon the movements of the Abbot.

"Nos pulvis et cinis," sighed the ecclesiastic involuntarily, as the evening wind wafted the dirge-like melody across the cloisters, and his eye fell upon the hour-glass—the sand was fleeting quickly to its close—and he turned it with a steady hand. "To-morrow—ah! to-morrow," thought he, as he marked the commencement of another portion of his scanty span, and then resumed his contemplation of some distant object through the oriel.

The moon was near her wane, and she poured, at times, a troubled fitful light on the dark masses of the pile of buildings which stretched in stately grandeur over an enormous area, and then leaving all in shade and deep solemnity, she streamed in stormy sublimity on the High Tor, and showed against the hurrying clouds, as they swept by in sombre and fantastic forms, the ghastly preparations now in progress for the fearful execution of the sentence then pending over the attainted head of Glastonbury's last and proudest prelate—while to the ear of fancy, stretched in harrowing expectation of the lightest whisper, the breeze that bore the melancholy wailings of the distant organ, seemed to carry also, as it stole by the window, the fall of ponderous hammers, and the ring of axes, plied by workmen labouring at their reluctant task, and rearing up the gallows for the earliest dawn.

The tenor of the Abbot's thoughts was unexpressed by look or gesture, as he calmly gazed towards the Tor—but again and again the dying cadence of the organ swept across the cloisters—"Nos pulvis et cinis" seemed to be repeated by a hundred echoes. A change in his position, drew his eyes towards the sullen sentinel, and he suppressed a sigh to see the softened character of his countenance.

"Holy Father," said the man in a low and cautious accent, "forgive me if I trespass on your sacred exercises of befitting meditation and solemnity—but life is dear to all—and would to God, my Lord Abbot, that I might be the privileged means of saving that anointed head and consecrated body, from the touch of profanation, and the death of felons. If your lordship," he continued rapidly, "will condescend to wear a short disguise, and to change your sacred vestments for my stern array, the guards are relieved at midnight, and I will ensure the pass and countersign, and will stake my soul on your safety,"—he paused with emotion.

"Peace, my son," said the ecclesiastic, mildly, "move me not to folly—and seek not to tempt back to the narrow confines of time, a soul now hovering in joyous expectation on the illimitable range of eternity. And were it even possible for me to evade the doubled and redoubled scrutiny of the jealous guards that throng these once peaceful walls, how thinks't thou, could I assuage the conscience and allay the self-reproach—attendant and deservedly so, upon my cowardly flight! No! by the Grace of God, and the favour of our most Holy Redeemer, for whom I have been very jealous in my custody of the Church's rights"—here he crossed himself devoutly—"a Prince have I ever lived, and a Martyr will I now

die. If my life be justly forfeited to the laws of my earthly sovereign, I submit—nor could I appear before the tribunal of my Heavenly sovereign, if loaded with the consciousness that I had sought to save this paltry being from its due award, by perilling both the soul and body of another in my behalf."

"Yet, good my Lord," resumed the soldier with increasing agitation, "we are not justified in rashly throwing away that life which God hath given us for good and holy purposes. I implore you, therefore, to be wise—the means are within your grasp—the issue is secure. A chosen few of my comrades who know of my desire to save your Lordship from an ignominious end, are sworn to be in waiting at the postern. The relief, whose hour is now at hand, will receive you without suspicion—*I* will be your substitute, and if I fall, it will be in a righteous cause."

Hold, my son, and tamper not with a dying fellow-sinner, whose earthly reckoning is made —whose reward is now in sight. And may our Ladye, and our most high Redeemer shrive thee, if this be sin, and may the benison of a dying man cleave to thy name for ever."

Then unlooping, as he spoke, a jewelled button from his tunic, the Abbot held it towards the soldier. "Take it," said he, "in guerdon of thy humanity, and may no worse temptation than that of rescuing an unhappy fellow-mortal from a shameful and disgraceful death, ever lead thee to peril thy military oath, and risk the immaculate allegiance which thou hast sworn."

"Nay, holy father," said the man in a smothered accent, and he knitted his dark brows, "Never could I barter my fealty for the pollution of a bribe; the heart of the lowest of his soldiers may be as proud as that of Henry on his throne. I thought once to save thee," he continued with emotion, "but now,"—and the clanking strides and short stern challenge of the advancing guards re-echoed through the arched galleries:—"*now*, my Lord Abbot, does the heavy reckoning for thy blood, ill-fated prelate, lie betwixt my sovereign and his God."

The great bell of the Abbey now tolled *Twelve*—the Abbot started at the sound—"In three short hours,"—he muttered as the door closed upon his friendly sentinel, and another took his station—then unheeding of the presence of his gaoler, he knelt down before the crucifix, and gave up his soul to prayer.

One—Two—were knelled forth with dread solemnity, and the reverberations were prolonged and softened by the echoes of the surrounding buildings, and as the last faint sound had died away, the door was reluctantly moved back by the suspicious sentinel at the countersign of a military escort, and the Prior, the Sub-Prior, and the Sacristan of the convent entered, bearing in massive golden vessels on cushions of crimson velvet, the Holy Eucharist and Chrism, followed close by two of the Vestiarii, who bore the gorgeous Pontificals, and who immediately retired with the Sacristan, in the order they had come; while the superiors prepared, with pallid cheeks, and faltering accents, to administer to the unhappy Abbot, the last sad rites of the church, in whose defence he was now about to suffer.

ARGENTINE.

(*To be continued.*)

CONSTANTINA.

THE land of Mazula, which lies to the east of La Calle, (says a recent writer,) is inhabited by an independent Arab tribe. In the mountains beyond Sephusa and Mafragg dwell the agricultural tribes of Merdes and Beni Salah; in this part of the country the Beys of Constantina possessed considerable property, which they farmed to a number of Arabs, who had abandoned the neighbourhood of Algiers, upon the French taking possession of Bona. To the west of the latter town, a number of Barbary tribes inhabit the mountains of Edugh, and the districts bordering on Stora and Dshidshel or Gigel: one of these tribes speaks Arabic, and consists almost wholly of Marabouts. Budshia, which produces oil, honey, and wax, is in this province: the inhabitants are Berbers, a race of brave and determined warriors, whom Leo Africanus says, could in his time, muster forty thousand foot, and four thousand horse. The Kabyles are located about the mountains of Dshordshora or Jurjura, and the *Iron Gate*, a defile leading from the valley of Aduse to that of Abshebbi. The most powerful tribe among them, the Benni Abessi, can bring five thousand foot and three hundred horse into the field, and have a manufactory of arms in Calle, their capital. Ascending the valley of Aduse, we enter the country of the Beni Messaud tribe, which lies directly east of Budshia: it is inhabited by several tribes of Kabyles, who can bring twenty thousand men under arms. Whenever one or more of these tribes (says Pelissier,) are about to begin a campaign, they usually elect a common leader; for all important business among them is brought under the decision of a general assembly; in fact, no form of government can be more completely republican than that which prevails among the Kabyles. They are of the Mahometan faith, into which they have introduced many Fetish superstitions, and most of their villages are provided with mosques and schools. Among the numerous tribes that inhabit the country, between the Deshordshora mountains and Constantina, the most powerful and turbulent is that of Beni Bu Taleb, who dwell in the mountains south of Siftch. Besides a multitude of Kabyle tribes, who inhabit the highlands and lowlands south of Constantina, is the powerful tribe of Welleb Abnedor. To the south-east of Constantina, are the Girfahs, the Henneishahs, and the Welled Brahams.

W. G. C.

FEMALE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER:

THEIR MANTLES AND HOODS.

(Continued from page 56.)

NOTHING now remains untouched but the consideration of the Hoods and Mantles which the Ladies formerly received. Part of their habits we have already brought before the reader's notice, viz., the Garter for the arm; and what fairer spectacle can there be upon God's earth, than that diamond cincture round an arm of snow! I do not think myself, says Anstis, obliged to verify the story of the slipping of the Garter of the *Queen*, or of the Countess of Salisbury, which hath been thought a romance, feigned by Polydor Virgil: however that may be, I must do the justice to the Ladies to aver, that a tradition, obtained as far back as the reign of Henry the Sixth, that this Order received its original from the* Fair sex, the particular occasion is not expressed in any author, which must be left in the dark. Dr. Heylin† observes, there is no such spur to valour and heroic resolution, as the love of the Ladies. A late foreign author, (Lobineau l'Hist. de Bretagne, p. 442,) treating on the institution of the Order of the *Ermine in Bretagne*, remarks a singularity (as he thought, not observed in other Orders,) that Ladies were admitted thereto. I shall not contradict him with many instances from other Orders, such as of Malta, of the Sword, Calatrava, &c., but confine myself to the Garter, wherein Mr. Ashmole hath produced incontestible evidences of their having received a participation in the Robes, from the 7th of Richard the Second, to the 16th of Edward the Fourth, which he supposed to be the last entry of them; 'tis strange he had not in his view the verses of Skelton, under Henry the Seventh, quoted by himself in another part of his book, and the passage in the Black Book, in the third year of that reign,—"*Regina vero et Domina mater Regis vestibus etiam Ordini Militari congruentibus tunc induebantur*," which in a contemporary‡ manuscript is worded, "*The Quene, my Lady, the King's Moder wer in gownys of the* GARTER *of the same as the King, and the Lordes wer*," &c., and Skelton, the then Poet-Laureate, in his verses,

O Knightly Ordere clothed in Robes with Gartere,
The Queen's grace and thy Mother clothed in the same.

It is not necessary here to repeat the splendid appearance of Queen Philippa at the first Grand Feast of the Order, and the large sum issued for her apparel against another feast; but only to observe that the Queen at Windsor made offerings at the High Mass celebrated on St. George's day, in the same manner as the King did. We will confine ourselves at present to remark, that the Ladies who received the robes of this Order, are styled, *Dames de la Fraternité de Saint George*, and *Dominæ de Sectâ et liberaturâ* GARTER, which are the same epithets as are given to the Knights, and that the habits were delivered them annually, by warrants from the crown, in the like manner as the Knights received them, and that their robes as those of the Knights, were differenced in the number of *Garters* according to the superiority of the titles and degrees of the Ladies.

Antiquaries appear ignorant whether these ladies were heretofore nominated by the sole pleasure of the crown, or chosen by any sort of election; whether any ceremonies were performed at their admission, or whether they were under obligations to observe any rules or statutes peculiar to them.

It would be too tedious here to run over the list of these Ladies mentioned in the Records; since some of them were consorts, and some widows, which creates a task of great difficulty. Several of them are to be found to have been the widows of Knights of the *Garter*, and after their death married to noblemen of higher titles, by which denominations they received the robes of this Order, though their then husbands, from whom they had these titles, were not companions: others being the relicts of noblemen, or higher titles not of the Order, and being re-married to Knights'-companions, retained, however, their first superior titles, and by these appellations received the habits, though in consequence of their later marriages. And another difficulty occurs, that some of these Ladies, being themselves heiresses, retained always their paternal surnames, notwithstanding their marriages to Knights of the Garter.

That several consorts of the Knights shared in this distinguishing privilege of the habits of the Garter is therefore unnecessary to be proved: the argument on this head may be satisfactorily closed by the following quotation, being an order of the Privy Council made on the 21st of May, 10 Henry VI.,—"Concordatum per Dom. de consilio quod fiat warrantum Custodi Magnæ Garderobæ Regis ad deliberandum ISABELLÆ Comitissæ WARWIC et ALICIÆ Comitissæ SUFFOLK liberatur. vestur. cum pellur, de la GARTER pro festo S. GEORGII ult, preterit. modo quo aliæ Comitissæ ante hæc tempora extra dictam Garderob: pro consimili festo liberat. fuit."†

It‡ is now time for us to enter upon a more circumstantial account of the robes and hoods assigned to the Queen, Knights'-companions wives, and other great Ladies, by the donation of the sovereigns, set off and embellished with minute Garters, and lined with rich Furs, which robes they were adorned with, during the solemnity of the Feast of St. George, a custom almost as ancient as its institution. The first mention we find recorded of the Feminine Habit occurs, Anno 7. R. ii., when the Queen, the Sovereign's mother, the Duchess

* Et sunt plerique nonnulli autumantes hunc ordinem exordium sumpsisse a sexu muliebri. Moudonus Bevaleti Catech; Equit. p. 7.

† History of St. George, p. 321.

‡ Julius B. 12. in Bibl. Cotton. p. 46.

* Cleopatra F. IV. in Bibl. Cotton.

† Ashmole, p. 170. History of the most Noble Order of the Garter.

of Lancaster, the Countesses of Cambridge, Buckingham, Pembroke, Oxford, and Salisbury; the Ladies Philippa, and Catherine, daughters to the Duke of Lancaster, and the Lady Mohun, had such kind of robes and hoods provided for them. They were made of cloth, violet in grain, like as the Sovereign and Knights'-companions that year, the robes lined with fur, but the hoods with scarlet, and both embroidered over with little Garters, and the proportion of cloth, furs, and Garters, were stated according to their several ranks and degrees: for the Queen had eight ells, and half an ell of scarlet for the lining of her hood. The sovereign's mother had allowed her one whole piece, and a double proportion of scarlet: but from the large quantity, it is conceived she had two robes and hoods made at this time. Besides, the particular number are but eleven persons, and cannot else reach the total of the robes that were made up, and expressly set down to be twelve. The Duchess of Lancaster had the allowance of half a piece, and half an ell of scarlet; the Countess of *Cambridge*, seven ells of cloth, and half an ell of scarlet; and the rest of the Ladies the same proportion of cloth with the Knights'-companions, i. e., each five ells a-piece, and half an ell of scarlet. According to their cloth was also their proportion of minever: the Queen's allowance was two Furs, each containing three hundred bellies of pure minever; the sovereign's mother had twice that proportion; the Duchess of Lancaster, and Countess of Cambridge, had the same allowance as the Queen; but all the rest of the Ladies had only one Fur of two hundred bellies. Besides the embroidered Garters to deck out the twenty-four surcoats of the Sovereign, and Knights'-companions, and the twelve robes for the Queen and other Ladies, amounted to the number of 2,900.

Against the Feast of St. George, Anno ii. R. H., there were prepared fifteen robes and hoods for the Queen and other Ladies, of the same livery and suit with the sovereign and Knights'-companions, viz., white long cloth, and blue cloth, for the lining of their hoods, bearing the same proportion in all things as the former. Anno 13, Richard II., the Ladies' robes and hoods were sanguine cloth, and the lining of their hoods cloth in grain. And in the 19th Richard II., they were blue cloth, and long cloth in grain for lining their hoods. In both these years we find the Duchess of Aquitaine had double the proportion of cloth allowed her, (as had also the Duchess of York,) viz., fourteen ells, (the Queen having then but the former allowance of eight ells,) and yet her proportion of lining, both for the robe and hood, was no more than allowed the Queen.

But Anno i., Henry V., the same quantities of cloth, minevers, and Garters, were the same to Ladies of all degrees, and that was to each five ells of white woollen cloth, only the Queen-mother had eight ells of white cloth, and eight ells of black cloth, a Fur containing two hundred bellies of minever, and an hundred embroidered Garters: and 12, Henry VI., the master of the great wardrobe was commanded to make ready the like livery, both for colour of cloth, number of ells, bellies of minever, and Garters for the Countess of Suffolk, against the approaching Feast of St. George.

A plainer narrative is made of these liveries, Anno 16, Edward IV., when at the Feast of St. George, at Windsor, the Queen, the Lady Elizabeth, the King's daughter and Duchess of Suffolk, the King's sister, had for their livery, murrey gowns embroidered with Garters.

A TERRIBLE ROBBER-CHIEF.

In the course of the fourteenth century robbery was the prevailing vice, not only in Britain, but in all the nations of Europe. These pests of society were often formed into companies under the protection of powerful barons, who harboured them in their castles, and shared with them in their spoils. The character which one of their chiefs wore embroidered upon his coat in letters of silver, might, with justice, have been given to many others—"*I am Captain Warner, Commander of a troop of robbers; an enemy to God, without pity, and without mercy.*"

MASONIC SOCIETIES OF CHINA.

[At a recent meeting of the Members of the Asiatic Society, a paper of exciting interest was read, giving portion of an account of the Chinese secret society of *Tien-ti-huigh*, by Lieut. Newbold and Major-General Wilson. From that source, the following interesting facts are condensed; one or two of the oaths put us strongly in mind of Moore's "Mokanna."]

Several associations appear to have been existing in China from ancient times, all of which were necessarily illegal; as the government prohibits absolutely any confederation of more than five persons. The one in question, can be traced back to the third century of the Christian era; and was at one time legalized, in consequence of having saved an emperor from a dangerous rebellion, though the emperor subsequently became jealous of its influence, and put most of the members to death. From the few who escaped the massacre, the present numerous association derived its origin. The society is now found, wherever Chinese are found. In 1817, between two and three thousand members were apprehended at Canton; and in 1826, large numbers of them, at the settlement of Malacca, seriously excited the apprehension of our government. In Java, at Rhio, and other Dutch settlements, they have concocted dangerous conspiracies against the authorities; and so long ago as 1799, they set at defiance the English government at Penang; and were not

reduced to subjection without the most rigorous measures. In Siam, they were, until recently, strong enough to resist the power of the government; but they were at length compelled to submission. The ceremony of admission to the body is curious; a new member must take thirty-six oaths upon his admission. These oaths consist of obligations to mutual assistance; and the imprecations against the transgressors are generally, death under various forms,—such as, may he die under ten thousand swords,—may he perish by an ulcer, —by vomiting blood,—by an arrow, a rocket, a great gun, a thunderbolt,—may he die without burial, on the road, in the sea, at the bottom of the sea, &c. Then follow thirty-six rules to be observed, which are of a similar tenor with the oaths, After which, the party makes a vow to be true to the Society; and ratifies it by drinking a mixture of blood and spirit. The secret signs of recognition are then detailed; and they consist of certain forms of expression, and modes of performing the ordinary business of life, agreed upon by the body. The Malacca branch of the Association is not less important; their practice appears to be much in accordance with the secret tribunals of Germany, both by their opposition to government, their combinations for fraudulent purposes, and the murders which they encourage each other to commit. It has been recommended that the colonial government should have an eye upon these associations; for, though the accusations brought against them may not be true to the full extent, the power they have actually attained by combination, has in several cases been found subversive of the ends of good government, and injurious to the rest of the community.

TIME FLIES.

"Time flies, and time despotic reigns,"
All earth repeats in echoing strains;
And nature cries,
'Tis seen, 'tis heard, in all around,
In man and beast, all catch the sound,
And cry, "time flies!"

The present, ah! how soon 'tis gone!
Now here, and now in haste 'tis flown,
As in surprise;
For future hurries into past
The present, like an angry blast,
And cries "time flies!"

Eternity repeats the sound,
From time itself the tones resound,
And fill the skies.
On life and death, on youth and age,
Indelibly on every page,
'Tis stamp'd, "time flies!" P.

THE POST-OFFICE.

An important experiment is now being made in this department of legislation; important, whether regarded in its relation to the literature, the commerce, or the social condition of the country; and it may not be uninteresting, whilst much anxiety is expressed for the future, to take a glance at the past, and inquire briefly into the early history of an establishment so beneficial to the public. Edward the Fourth, in his war with Scotland, in 1482, established a communication, whereby letters were forwarded the whole distance of two hundred miles in two days, by means of riders with post-horses, which were changed every twenty miles. In 1543, a post existed by which letters were received in Edinburgh on the fourth day after their despatch from London; and by the act 2d and 3d of Edward the Sixth, passed in 1548, the rate of post-horses was fixed at 2½*d.* per mile. The first chief post-master of England, was Mr. Thomas Randolph, appointed by Queen Elizabeth, in 1581. James the First established a system of communication with foreign countries, and made Matthew de Quester, or de l'Equester, his post-master for foreign parts; previously to which appointment, the forwarding of foreign letters had been done by private persons.

In 1635, an act passed, establishing a General Post-Office* for England and Scotland, under good regulations; but the benefits were extended to a few of the principal roads only; the times of carriage were uncertain, and the post-masters on each road were required to furnish horses for conveying the letters, at the rate of 2½*d.* a mile: by this act all private posts were ordered to be abolished, and the transmission of letters, otherwise than by the king's post-master, forbidden; the rates were fixed at 2*d.* for distances under eighty miles; 4*d.* for one hundred and forty miles, &c., and double letters charged double postage. Thomas Withering was appointed inland post-master, but on account of abuses in the execution of both his offices, (he was also foreign post-master,) he was superseded, in 1640, by Philip Burlamachy, who was under the control of the principal secretary of state. This establishment did not succeed; and during the civil war the post-office arrangements were necessarily in great confusion. In 1644, we find Edmund Prideaux, attorney-general for the Commonwealth, exercising the office of post-master, at which period the gross revenue probably did not exceed 5,000*l.*; but the improved management of that officer who established a weekly conveyance of letters to all parts of the kingdom, immediately saved the previous loss of 7,000*l.* a-year: his profits drew upon him the jealousy of the common-council of London, which was immediately checked by a resolution of the House of Commons of the 21st of March, 1649, that "the office of post-master is bought to be in the sole power and disposal

* The General Post-Office was originally established in Cloak-lane, near Dowgate-hill, whence it was removed to the Black Swan, in Bishopsgate-street. On occasion of the great fire in 1666, it was removed to the Two Black Pillars, in Brydges-street, Covent-Garden, and afterwards to Sir Robert Viner's mansion, in Lombard-street, where it continued till September 23, 1829, when it was transferred to St. Martin's-le-grand; it occupying the site of an ancient college and sanctuary. —*Ed. M.*

of parliament." The private letter-carriers at this period flourished as much as ever, and not only had more frequent posts, but also carried the letters at cheaper rates than the Government: every possible obstacle was thrown in their way by Prideaux. The revenue of the post-office in 1653, was farmed to John Manley, Esq., for 10,000*l.* per annum, and in 1663, to Daniel O'Neale, Esq., for 21,500*l.*; in 1674, it was farmed at 43,000*l.*

The London Metropolitan Post was established in 1683,* by an upholsterer, named Murray, who signed his interest to a Mr. Dockwra, but it eventually came into the hands of the Government, who settled a pension of 200*l.* a-year on the proprietor. In 1689, an act passed for the establishment of a General Post-Office in Scotland,† which was remarkably unproductive during the first few years of its existence. The next important event in the history of the post-office, was the passing of the act of Queen Anne, which increased the rates of 2*d.* to 3*d.*, and others in proportion, repealed the former laws for the establishment of separate post-offices in England and Scotland, and created one General Office, and established several additional chief letter offices. The average net revenue for the years 1707, 8, and 9, amounted to 56,664*l.* 19*s.* 10½*d.*, and the cost of management‡ must have been about 54,800*l.* Acts

* The accompanying Letter-Marks, of the time of Charles II., [1683-4,] are the earliest known; they

evince the fact, that the Metropolitan postage was then one penny; and, as at present, pre-paid; the delivery seeming to be only twice a-day—12 at noon, and 9 in the evening.—*Ed. M.*

† The once celebrated Peter Williamson—(who, in his youth, was kidnapped and sent to North America, where he took upon himself the garb of a Delaware American Indian, and was received by the natives as one of their chiefs, being captured in 1756, returned to Scotland, his native country,)—instituted the Penny Post in Edinburgh, for which, when Government assumed it, he received a pension. Williamson, also, was the first person who published a Directory, so useful in commercial cities. He exhibited himself in London, 1760; and died in Edinburgh, 1799.—*Ed M.*

‡ The messengers appointed to deliver letters, at this period, must have been well paid; for, in Herbert's *History of the Twelve Livery Companies*, under the head "Trust Estates and Charities of the Goldsmith's Company," mention is made of one Richard Worral, or Morrell, who was a letter-carrier, but "by thrift and good husbandry," amassed much wealth, and left the above company an estate of between two and three hundred pounds a-year, besides a great deal of money for the purpose of erecting alms-houses, which are now at Hackney.—*Ed. M.*

relating to the postage were passed in 1732, 1735, and in 1764 and 5, which last regulated the privileges of franking, before much abused, and altered the postage for letters to places under eighty miles, previously 3*d.*, to a charge of 1*d.* for letters sent one stage, and 2*d.* for two stages.

The beneficial regulations of Mr. Palmer, who introduced mail-coaches, vastly improved the safety, regularity, and celerity of the transmission of letters, and greatly increased the revenue, but were, notwithstanding their evident advantages, carried out amidst much painful opposition from the post-office authorities. The improvement in the revenue consequent on Mr. Palmer's operations, is evident, from the fact that the net proceeds for the year 1793, amounted to 391,508*l.*, and for 1797, to 574,833*l.*, whereas the revenue in 1783, was only 149,333*l.* The rates were raised in 1784, to 2*d.* for the letters previously 1*d.*, and to 3*d.* for those previously 2*d.*, and so on with the other rates. And by the act 37th of George the Third, the postage charges were again raised, an additional penny being levied on the lower rates, and 2*d.* on the higher. In 1801, the rates of the higher priced letters were much increased, the maximum being made 1*s.* instead of 8*d.* as before; in 1805, an additional penny was imposed on all letters; and again in 1812, on all excepting the two or three lowest priced ones. Within the last few years, the post-offices of England, Scotland, and Ireland, have been consolidated, and the office of Post-master General, for each of the two latter, abolished. In 1837, passed the acts, 1st Victoria, cap. 32, *et seq.*, which repealed all former statutes, above a hundred in number, and incorporated their provisions into one general law. The following is the amount of the net receipts of the post-office for various years:—

1653..... £10,000.	1749..... £88,323.
1663..... £21,500.	1774... £164,077.
1674..... £43,000.	1779... £657,388.
1718..... £64,050.	1817...£1,353,601.
1724..... £96,339.	1838...£1,659,543.

It is estimated in a parliamentary document that, from an account taken of the number of letters sent during a week in January, 1838, the total amount of correspondence passing through the post-offices of the United Kingdom, during one year, would be eighty millions and a half: therefore, supposing the increase of letters consequent on the adoption of the universal penny rate to be between four and five fold, the annual number of letters conveyed will be nearly four hundred and forty-three millions.

S. J.

KUND TEMPLE,

AT BOPAILOO, IN THE EAST INDIES.

THE temples of those extraordinary mountaineers, the Kunds, are usually raised mud terraces about eight or ten feet wide by twelve or fourteen and more long, with a thatch over them supported on six or eight posts; a stone is fixed at the upper or east end, (all I saw were built east and west) on which is besmeared offerings of ghee, oil, sugar, blood of animals, &c.; beside it is an iron kettle-drum, reversed and plastered with cow-dung. This drum is used (as far as I could learn) once a year only, in March or there-about, at the Merriah pooja or human sacrifice, when it is taken up and has a fresh parchment stretched over it; some of the temples have these emblems enclosed in a small chamber with a door to it, at the upper end, instead of being entirely exposed.

The country inhabited by these people has been often described; the greater number of them reside in Gumsur, Nyágurh, Boad, and Duspálláa, all to the south of the Mahanuddee, on the opposite side of which river, there are said to be none. There are three tribes of Kunds, which I shall thus class, viz. 1st, the Savage Kunds, who are said to go entirely naked, living in the most sequestered parts of the forests and mountains, and subsisting on game, wild fruits, and a little maize, which they cultivate round their haunts. The 2nd class is the most numerous, and, indeed, the most superior; they live in regular villages, having a mallee or muliko to each congregation, who are subservient to some chief of a number of villages constituting a clan; it is these people I shall attempt to describe. The 3rd class are a degenerate race of Kunds, called "Bettiah Kunds;" these people are despised by the true Kunds, and intermix with the Ooriyahs, many of whose superstitious and religious ceremonies they have adopted; they either reside in separate villages of their own, or in the out-skirts of those of the Ooriyahs; they act as paiks or militia, and pay regular revenue to the rajahs in whose districts they reside. I shall say no more regarding the 1st and 3d race of Kunds, but proceed at once to describe the 2nd.

The Kunds are, generally speaking, above the middle size, well built, and of moderately dark complexion; their features are decidedly marked; there is a slight cast of countenance resembling the Malays; they wear their hair long, and wound round a piece of wood, or else into a knot and fastened behind their head; the women dress their hair after the same fashion. The men wind a chequered handkerchief or piece of dyed cloth round their heads like the Madras servants; their dhoties are small and neatly fastened; every man carries some kind of weapon with him, either a bow and three or four arrows, a pharsa, (or battle-axe) or a tulwar, but the battle-axe is most common. The countenances of these people are pleasing and expressive, and usually cheerful; indeed, their manner is equally so.

Their food consists of rice, maize, and other grain, and game, such as deer, pea-fowl, jungle-fowl, and other cattle which chance to die; they are addicted to fermented liquors, extracted from the tár, kudjoor, (surrup) palm, and the flower of the mohowá-tree, which is much cultivated.

Their villages are not of any great size, none exceeding fifty houses, with a wide street up the centre, both ends of which are often either hedged or stockaded in, as a safe-guard against tigers and enemies. To most of the villages is a small wooden temple hut, having a stone or wooden emblem of their deity, with an iron kettle-drum beside it. The huts or houses

are strongly and neatly built of logs of saul, fixed erect, (stockade fashion) on the outside of which is a locked work of bamboos, plastered over with mud; the cattle sheds are built adjoining the houses, and in like manner, they are paved with logs, closely fitted; gourdes, cuddoo, and other creeping esculents, are trained on the thatches, and over platforms in front of the huts.

The accompanying is a sketch of the temple at Bopailoo; the post and architraves, rafters, &c., of this temple, are neatly hewn, and sculptured rudely with various devices of flowers, birds, and zig-zag ornaments.

We are indebted to the Editor of the *Indian Review*, for the above correct account of the Kunds, and also for the drawing of the Temple.

LAPLANDIC CHARACTERISTICS.

I SHOULD say gloom prevailed to a great degree, and certainly the first impression on a stranger's mind will not be favourable to them. His patience will often be put to the test by their dilatory habits, and his temper will be further tried by their manners, many of which are very disgusting; such as transferring milk from one bottle to another through the medium of their mouths, and several other customs too offensive to be particularised; but he will find much honesty, and a wish to oblige when it is in their power.—*Dillon's Winter in Lapland.*

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

A correspondent in a recent number of the *Times* journal, has attempted to elucidate the unaccountable mystery so long enveloping the fate and identity of that object of surmise and curiosity—THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK—by asserting him to have been an Armenian patriarch at Constantinople, of the name of Avedick; or, as it is also written Arwedicks. The following are the words of his speculative opinion:—

"In the reign of the Sultan Ahmed III., Ferriol, the French ambassador at the Ottoman Porte, yielding to the intercessions of the Jesuits, caused the Greek patriarch, Avedick, to be secretly carried away from the Isle of Scio, and conducted to France. Avedick had been raised to the patriarchate by the influence of the Society of Jesus, to the members of which fraternity he had solemnly pledged himself to show favour to the Catholics; but, the moment he obtained the wished-for elevation, he forgot his pledge, and persecuted the papists within his jurisdiction, with the utmost unrelenting cruelty. Avedick was placed on board a ship-of-war, and carried to France, where he was secretly detained a close prisoner, and from whence he never returned. This mysterious disappearance of the patriarch was the cause of a perpetual misunderstanding between the Grand Vizier, Ali Pasha, and the Marquis of Ferriol; the former never ceasing to demand the restoration of the patriarch, and the latter as strenuously denying any participation in the abrupt removal of that functionary. The first persecution experienced by the Armenian catholics at the hands of the Ottomans, and the suppression of the first Armenian printing-press in the Turkish empire, as well as the disappearance of the Greek patriarch, were to be attributed partly to the Jesuits, and partly to the intrigues of the French ambassador. Avedick died a martyr to his faith, in the prison to which he had been consigned; and, the mystery, hitherto shrouded in darkness, of the Iron Mask, which has given rise to so many useless researches, and to such a number of extraordinary suppositions, may probably be explained by the contemporary appearance in France of the Armenian captive, around whose incarceration so many motives would have induced the government of Louis XIV. to draw the closest veil of mystery that despotic policy could weave, or human ingenuity invent."

"There has never been but one well-grounded theory relative to the Man with the Iron Mask; and that, supposed the victim to be a Sardinian or Mantuan ambassador; but the Chevalier Taulé, in his work published in Paris in 1825, has refuted this supposition; and every probability seems to me to point out the patriarch Avedick as the illustrious personage, and hero of the Pignerol. Had Taulé been acquainted with a certain paragraph in Paul Lucas, (3rd voyage, I., p. 122,) and the 'Report' of La Motraye, (I. p. 371,) he would have doubtless started the same supposition which I have ventured to lay before your readers. Talman, in his Report, expressly declares, that the carrying off of Avedick took place in the month of September, 1706. The historical enquirer may compare these observations with the facts and dates connected with the prisoner of the Pignerol." Such is the evidence in favour of Avedick, as adduced by the above correspondent; and which is annihilated if the authorities which M. de Paul L. Jacob, in his "*l'Homme en Masque de Fer*," be founded on fact, he says, speaking of Arwedicks, "The MS. of M. de Bonac positively asserts, that this patriarch was carried off from Constantinople, during the embassy of M. de Foriol. Now M. de Foriol succeeded M. de Chateauneuf, as ambassador at Constantinople in 1699; Saint Mars had brought the Iron Mask with him from the Isle of St. Marguerite, to the Bastile in the year 1698. Besides which, it is now known, that Arwedicks embraced Catholicism; was released; and died free in Paris; as is proved by the registry of his death, preserved in the Archives of Foreign Affairs."

Doubtless this testimony is conclusive, that the hero was not Ardewicks. But many other persons have also been mentioned, as the "Great Unknown,"—hero of this romantic history. At one time it was Fouquet, the disgraced minister of Finance; at another Louis, Comte de Vermandois, (son of Louis XIV., and Madamoiselle de la Vallière) though *he* was said to have died and been buried in 1683. Others declared the person to be the Duc de Beaufort, who, however, had to all appearance been slain and beheaded by the Turks, at the siege of Candia. On grounds about as solid, he was imagined to be the Duke of Monmouth, whom the Londoners saw executed on Tower hill, in 1685; and Henry Cromwell, second son of the Protector, who, according to Noble, died and was buried under a black marble stone, inscribed "Henricus Cromwell, de Spinney, obiit 23 die Martii, anno Christi 1673, annoq: ætatis 47." The generally received opinion for some time, was that which represented him as son of Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV. It was at one time boldly asserted, that he was a twin brother of that monarch. Lastly; Count Ercolo Antonio Matthioli. a native of Bologna, the prime-minister of the Duke of Mantua, and the energetic opponent of the designs of Louis XIV. This is the hypothesis, ably, if not conclusively adopted by the late lamented Lord Dover, in his *History of the Iron Mask*, extracted from documents in the French archives. His lordship, in his highly interesting narrative, asserts, Matthioli suffered such strange and long imprisonment, for having so grievously deceived and disappointed Louis, king of France, in a secret affair of state, the particulars of which could not come to light, without exposing the shame of both the principals concerned. This Matthioli, who was a native of Bologna, remained in confinement twenty-four years and a half, when his deliverance came upon him almost as sudden as his loss of freedom. On a Sunday in November, 1703; he felt a slight illness on going from mass, and died the next morning, without any apparently serious attack of disease, being then sixty-three years of age. He was buried the following day, in the neighbouring churchyard of St. Paul, and is registered in the books of that parish, as "*Marchiali, aged about forty-five years.*" Persons who died in the Bastile, were frequently interred under false names and ages; and, it is by no means surprising, in the case of such a notable prisoner, that his persecutors, who had adopted during his life, every expedient to conceal his real name and history, should have resorted to this method of preventing discovery after death, especially as this happened while Louis and the Duke were still alive. On the decease of the pretended Marchiali, his keepers scraped and white washed his prison walls; and not content with reducing to ashes even the doors and window frames of his apartment, they melted down all the metal vessels, whether of copper, pewter, or silver, which had been used in his service. When the records of the prison were made public, in 1789, the register was searched in vain, for anything that could throw light on this affair: the leaf which contained it, had been carefully torn out.

SKETCHES OF EVERY-DAY LIFE IN AMERICA.

No. II.—The Explosion.

It was on a fine spring morning, in April 1838, that I sauntered to the steam-boat wharf, to view the departure of the boats at Cincinnati, justly styled the "Queen City of the West." The quay was crowded to excess, for the populace were enticed to view the start of a majestic boat—the Moselle. She was a newly-built vessel, bound for Louisville and St. Louis, and had recently made several exceedingly quick trips to and from Cincinnati. It was what the Yankees call a "Brag Boat;" that is, one which could surpass all others in speed, comfort, and accommodation. There are too many vessels of the class in America; the only object of whose captains seems to be, who can expose the lives of their passengers to the greatest danger and risk. It was half-past seven o'clock, and as the boat did not start before eight o'clock, I whiled away the time in viewing the different groups that congregated around me. Among them was one which particularly engaged my attention. It was a young and beautiful female, dissolved in tears, which rendered her beauty, as it does that of most females, the more expressive and touching. A woman in tears is a sight which ought to make the most obdurate heart beat with sympathy. But, alas! how many look on woman's tears—nay, even provoke them by unkindness with the greatest indifference and insensibility. But, to return: near her stood a young man, arrayed for travelling, and my mind's eye drew a picture, which after-circumstances proved to be true. He was her lover, about to part for the first time—(and who has not felt the pangs of such a separation)—her hope, round whom her young and innocent heart clung, with all the ardour and the strength of woman's love. Silently she stood, their hands clasped; their eyes fixed on each other, without the power of utterance; and I thought I perceived a tear glistening in the eye of his manly countenance. I gazed on them with pity; for I thought of the trials to which they were destined to be exposed on the tumultuous waves of life's stormy ocean. But now the bell sounded, and every one hurried on board. A pressure of the hands, an embrace, and he was gone, and she was left alone. The town clock struck eight; the ropes were let go; the mighty agent was at work, and the boat glided from the wharf into the stream. She was full of passengers; and, with the view of

taking in a family at Fulton, about a mile and a quarter from the quay, she proceeded up the river and made fast to a lumber-raft for the purpose. Here the family were taken on board; and, it appeared, the captain was holding on to all the steam he could create, with the intention of "showing-off" to the best advantage the great speed of the boat, as she passed down the whole length of the city. As soon as the family were taken on board from the raft, the boat shoved off; and, at the very moment her wheels made the first evolution, the boilers burst with the most awful and astounding noise, equal to the most violent clap of thunder, and, at the same instant, a piercing shriek of agony burst from the lips of that fair one who had so arrested my attention as she sunk upon the wharf. She was instantly removed by her friends to the hotel close by, insensible; and, after the most strenuous endeavours, it was near an hour before she returned to consciousness, sufficiently to be removed to her house. I followed, and learnt from her friends that in six weeks time she was to have been united to the young man with whom I saw her on the wharf, but whom this horrible catastrophe had probably consigned to a dreadful death. I and her brother then visited the scene of destruction. The explosion was destructive and heartrending in the extreme; heads, limbs, bodies, and blood, were seen flying through the air in every direction, attended by the most horrible shrieks and groans, from the wounded and dying. The boat, at the moment of the accident, was about thirty feet from the shore, and was rendered a perfect wreck;—she seemed to be torn all to splinters, as far back as the gentleman's cabin; and her hurricane deck (the whole length) was entirely swept away. The boat immediately began to sink rapidly, and float with a strong current down the river, at the same time getting further from the shore. Soon as the boat was discovered sinking, the passengers who remained unhurt became panic-struck, and, with a fatuity unaccountable, jumped into the river. Being above the ordinary business-parts of the city, there were no boats at hand, except a few large and unmanageable wood flats, which were carried to the relief of the sufferers as soon as possible by the few persons on shore. Many were drowned before they could be rescued, and many sunk who were not seen afterwards. Among the drowned was the betrothed lover of my fair friend; and her brother gave orders for having it removed, while he walked on to tell the event. The captain was thrown entirely into the street, and was picked up dead, and dreadfully mangled. Of all the passengers, who amounted to two hundred and eighty, but ninety-six were saved.

On the Saturday after, at 3 o'clock, P.M., a public funeral was performed. The stores were all closed, as on the Sabbath; and the bodies of such of the sufferers as could be found, were consigned to their narrow home. Shortly after, while lingering in the burial ground, I perceived a solitary funeral approaching. I walked up, and knew it was the funeral of one whose premature death had caused desolation in the midst of a happy family. 'Twas the funeral of the young man in whose fate I took so deep an interest. The coffin was lowered into the grave, and, after a touching address from the officiating clergyman, the mourners came forward to take a last look of the remains they had laid in the silent tomb, when, uttering a cry, the pathos of which went to my very heart, a female threw herself on the coffin in dreadful agony. Consternation was depicted on the countenances of all around. They had literally to tear her away by force; and, as they lifted her up, a wild and unearthly cry burst forth, and it was evident to all she was a maniac. A week after, the same grave was opened, and she was placed by the side of him she had loved in life, and from whom, in death, she was not divided.

C. M.

MARY THE FIRST,

QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

At a period when the household allowances of Queen Victoria are a subject of national attention, the following particulars of the accredited sums for the household of Queen Mary the First, nearly three centuries since, may possible interest many of our readers. They are extracted from a manuscript "Booke of Fees and Offices, Primo die Augusti [1553] Anno Primo Reginæ Mariæ," extant in the library of Dulwich College, under the mark of F. 7. 1. Mary had at the date of this record, assumed the reins of government only twenty-six days; and to most of the offices, the names of the parties occupying such places, are annexed—what is here given, is simply a schedule of the principal sums.

"Totall Summe of the Fees and Allowances to Officers and Ministers, and also other charges.

Officers and Ministers of the Revenue, in the Courte of			
Theschequire - - -	£3533	15	1
Augmentacion - - -	7249	10	3
Duchie of Lancastre - -	1148	5	7½
Firste Fruites and Tenthes -	956	15	1
Wardes and Lyueries - -	937	2	4
In all	£13,825	8	4½
Officers and Ministers of Justice.			
Chancery - - -	£1597	10	11½
Previe Seale - - - -	365	0	0
King's Benche - - -	688	18	2
Common Place - - -	657	12	4
King's Learned Counsaill -	289	1	0
Counsaill in the North - -	1403	6	8
Counsaill and Officers in Wales	1808	8	4
Countie Palatyne of Lancaster	110	6	8
Countie Palatyne of Chester -	85	5	5
Justices of Forrests - - -	200	0	0
White Hall - - - - -	200	0	0
In all	£7,406	9	6½

Secretaries, Clerks, Postes, and Couriers	£1113	13	4
Admyraltie	1456	18	8
Ordenaunce	1556	11	8
Armorie	654	5	11
Officers at Armes	809	1	8
Mynt	604	13	4
Works	443	14	3
Greate Wardrobe	246	1	2
Butlerage of England	100	0	0
King's Tentes	79	13	2
Revelles	19	2	6
Officers and Mynysters of Huntinge	603	14	2½
Officers and Mynysters of Hawkinge	446	11	8
Musitions and Players	1728	5	
Physitions, Surgeons, Astronomer, and Apothecaries	541	2	6
King's Bardge	109	11	5
Artificers of Sundrie Kyndes	432	19	8
Officers and Servants of Household	16868	10	1½
Townes and Castelles of warre, Fortresse, and Bulwarkes	18051	8	5
Keepers of Houses, Parkes, Forrests, and Chases	5268	8	3½
Total (with Officers, etc., of Revenue and Justice),	£72,364	19	10½

The royal band of "Musitions and Players" are particularised as including "Trumpeters, Lutars, Harpers, Rebeck, Sagbuts, Vialls, Bagpiper, Minstrels, Drumslades, Players on the Fluyte, Players on the Virginalles, Musitions Straungers [Venetians], and Players of Enterludes, eight in number, every of them at sixty-six shillings, by yeare; and makers of Instruments."

Among the "Artificers of Sundrie Kynds," are enumerated a few occupations and names, the mention of which will, doubtless, be pleasing to antiquaries and historians. Their remuneration appears to have been the annexed sums, as fees.

Prynter, Thomas Bartlett,*	£4	0	0
Stationer, Reynold Woolf,	26	0	8
Keper of Libraries, Bartholomew Traseron,	4	6	8
Painters, 100/., thus divided:—			
Anthony Tetto, Serjant Paynter,	25	0	0
The same Anthony Tetto	10	0	0
Bartholomew Penne, and	25	0	0
Levyn Tirling, Paynters	40	0	0
Graver of Stones, Richard Atzele	20	0	0
Clockemaker, Nicholas Urfewe	18	5	0
Clockemaker, John de Moylym	12	3	4
Astronomer, Nicholas Cracher	20	0	0
Mole-taker, John Whatton, with his lyueries	7	1	8
Three Keepers of the Phesauntes and Partriges	25	9	2
Two Takers of Phesauntes and Partriges	13	5	10

B.

* Thomas Berthelot, who was state-printer to Henry the Eighth, and printed many volumes, now of extreme rarity.

New Books.

Mary Stuart. A Tragedy. By James Haynes. [Ridgway.]

THERE are few portions of our national history, over which there hangs a greater degree of doubt and uncertainty, than over that of the above unfortunate Princess. Hume, in drawing out the character of this fascinating heroine, absolutely charms us with his description. Robertson also throws an elegance over her memory, which enlists the reader's sympathies altogether on her side. Not so, however, Mr. Haynes; in the play before us, he attributes not to beautiful Mary Stuart any particular trait of amiability or feminine virtue; she appears only as the infatuated doater on the amorous minstrel Rizzio: this latter personage is by the author much raised in our estimation; the principles which he utters are manly and ennobling, and their eloquence truly poetic. Ruthven is a fine character and admirably introduced:—a noble man, who although he be on the grave's verge, and his life-blood almost cold, summons up the superhuman energies of an exalted patriot, and surrenders not his breath, till his purpose be achieved. Robertson, we remember, entitles this tragic event, as the Raid of Ruthven, or Ruthven Raid—a title which would have best suited the composition before us. The tragedy is more remarkable for a nervous and bold strain, than for delicacy or softness: but all its passages are of a first-rate order, and of these there is no unplentiful store——Let us see.

Power of Perseverance.

Every thing
That's great and difficult, is done by patient
And persevering toil. You've seen a pebble
Washed whiter than the fleeces round the moon,
And made a thing of cost and ornament,
By the untiring wave. There's a deep moral
In that small truth; the wave, the ceaseless wave,
Hints to the mind the secret of its energy.

A Warrior smitten with Sickness in his old age.

Hope's a good physicius;
If art should fail, there's strength in nature still.
* * * * * *
Yes; when the limbs are young, the sinews free,
The very bones elastic; but, in age,
Weak, withered, and though bent, unbending age,
The healing office of the blood is o'er,
And nature's self is on the side of waste
And dissolution.
* * * * * *
For now what am I, grovelling in the dust
Even of mine own decay? My sword is bent,
My helmet rusted, and the standard brave
That, like a skirt of Mars, shook overhead,
In the high wind of battle, clings with mould.
I have no strength; what can the dying do,
But, in the base gradation of their fate,
Become the dead, and rot.

An Imperious Aristocrat.

Lord Ruthven speaks
As if he'd stamp upon the rolling earth
And cry out—"stop!" to the spheres.

The Imperishability of Hope.

Hope has no end, but, even when life is sped,
Leaps on the shadow of another world
And sweeps through all eternity.

"Put not your trust in Princes:"—

What right have you to doubt a sovereign's word?

* * * * * * *

I have a right to doubt an angel's word,
When character's at stake. Sir, we're all men,—
The palace and the cottage mark our place,
But alter not our nature. Minds will change;
And circumstance, occasion's common drudge,
Assails the strongest of us.

The third scene of the second Act opens deliciously indeed. Rizzio, the favourite musician, sits beside his glittering harp, and, in the fervor of love and inspiration, pours out the changes that come over his soul, sometimes in strains sweetly plaintive, as Ariel's; or, at others, finely bold, and laden with accumulated golden harmonies. To him, above all others, listens Mary of Holyrood, while her lips award him lavish praises; as the poet, in his many-measured lines, avoweth:—

Queen. Mark him when he strikes
The magic string, and lifts his eyes to Heaven,
As if he looked at inspiration. Oh!
There is a melody even in the pause
And stoppage of his song; for fancy fills
The resting-place more sweet than others' music.
[Bold Music—Symphony.
Hark! hark! the echoes ring. *[Air.*
[Leaning on ANOYLE.] Is it the soul
Of genius, or the storm, that wakes that note?
Or heaven or earth that tunes it to the swell
Of mighty winds and tempests? Hark! again
The minstrel hangs his head in melancholy—
[Soft Music.
And now the zephyrs steal among the strings
To touch his hand and die.—It was not falsehood
That bade the poet fancy stones to move;
For there's a spirit in creation,
A mind in matter, captivate to song:—
The very comet, in his random sphere,
Obeys its voice, and smooths his bristling fires,
To listen while the golden planets sing;—
The smallest clod of earth does, in its fair
Proportion to the wheeling worlds above,
Sustain the universal harmony,
And follow nature in her heavenly round!

Ruthven's daughter is a beautiful character throughout;—she is the only living creature that tunes the rough breast of that stern being into tenderness. But she dies, and, like a desolate Lear, Ruthven also bewails his Cordelia:—

Cath. My strength fails—
My heart is stopped—Oh, Father! *[Dies.*

* * * * * * *

Speak again!
She 's dead!—is death so short a ceremony?—
'Tis but one pang—one moment's deeper faint—
And nothing more. Kate! do you hear me, Kate?
Not all the air that floats 'twixt this and Heaven,
Can lend her one short breath; no, not so much
As would make up a sigh to answer me.

Robbed of this only blessed child, who was as gentle balm to his bruised bosom, he at once starts up into a fierce and indomitable man:—

There is no terror *now* for me in things
Most terrible!—I love to see the storm
Shake from its fiery lap the seeds of death
Upon the wind, and rush from Heaven to Hell!—
I love to see the high wave dash the orbs
Of light, and feel the earth shake under me,
When ruin pelts it with the driving blast,
And plays the devil in the hurricane!

Pledges of Immortality:—

"Look up, sweet Queen! and see with what a smile
The current of the night runs back to morn.
What is this wondrous universe, in midst
Of which we seem to stand?—What are those orbs,
And this surrounding sky, so richly wrought
With gold, and painted with Heaven's light?—is this
A frame to set so poor a picture in,
As man? If so, there are, there must be, in him,
Great seeds, that shoot above the size of time;
Immortal faculties, that grow for ever:
Yes, even the breaking of the day-light sheds
A revelation on his destiny."

London Magazine, Charivari, and Courier des Dames. [Simpkin and Marshall.]

[JUNO FEBRUATA has just ushered into the world this new literary Toy-book. According to its second title, adopted from the Parisian Charivari, we reasonably expect to find something of French volatility and sprightliness: this, in a great measure, is the case, though it has, nevertheless, a proportionate admixture of heavier leaven. The general run of the papers, chiefly on ephemeral subjects, are cleverly written. The following sketch is humorously descriptive of

An Unsophisticated Highlander in London.]

David Douglas Diddledoft, for such was the melodious euphony of his genuine baptismal names, had just completed his twentieth year. In height he was five feet ten inches or thereabouts, raw-boned, long in the neck, flat-chested, rather in-kneed, somewhat fiddle-backed—altogether waistless, like most growing youths, mutton-fisted, and footed like a finnon-haddock—that favourite "relish" at a Scottish breakfast. The natural boniness of his aspect was enhanced by his amazing thinness. Yet uncouth as was this figure to the least practised eye, its awkwardness was more attributable to youth, inexperience, and that "slinging" gait which is so common to scholars, than to any positive deformity; and the eye of an artist, drill-sergeant, or fashionable coat-builder, would, after a careful inspection, pronounce that even David's figure was not altogether hopeless, but might, when filled up, in time become personable.

My friend Davie's nose had neither the Roman hook, nor the Grecian straightness—neither the Gallican affinity in colour, form and softness, to a pudding, nor the Irish defiance of all proportions—it was neither a bottle-nose, nor a nose "sharp as a pen," nor a nose simial, nor yet a *nez rétroussé*. As I can assign it no order, if I must define its build, I should say that it was a Gothic structure, *with wings*; and having thus disposed of that remarkable promontory—having doubled the Cape *Horn* of Davie's countenance, I shall complete my description of his exterior man, by stating, that to rather high cheek-bones must be added a mouth, at the aspect of which a sensitive trencher might well have trembled, and that sprouting whiskers of the foxiest hue led to two good-sized ears, sticking bolt-upright, and wearing almost

without intermission a tinge as red as his whiskers.

Davie's dress was of a very aboriginal cut. In the pride of learning and self-attributed genius, Davie had a thorough contempt for what he called in Latin, the "Persicos apparawtus," and in English, the "paraphernawlya of foappery." Accordingly, his garments were constructed as heaven and a by-street "work-for-half-nothing" tailor pleased. Round the neck his coat presented very much the appearance of a horse-collar, and, while the waist stuck out several inches behind, the tails lapt over each other in the exact figure of the letter X. His head being unusually large, and Davie being obstinately bent upon going to no higher price than a "four-and-ninepenny," but one "tile" in the Glasgow hatter's establishment could be found to fit him, and this was of a most peculiar shape, being excessively low in the crown, and extravagantly broad in the rim, and was the very *beau ideal* of a fitting "Golgotha" for a Puritan; and Davie believed that it conferred on him a look of gravity and learning. In the rest of his *toilette* there was nothing remarkable, with the exception of a pair of tartan trousers, with which, (so ardent was his nationality,) no one could prevail on him to part; and here again, despising the minutiæ of modern "buckishness," he dispensed with the aid of straps, the consequence being, that the rather undulating shape of his legs naturally puckered them up about his knees; and, as he had outgrown them besides, they descended not much more than mid-way down his calf, exhibiting very fully the hue and texture of a thick blue woollen stocking, which with a substantial winter shoe, (tied with a prodigious quantity of yellowish tape,) whose dimensions might well bid defiance to shoals of mud and adamantine pavements, completed his outward man.

[From a paper entitled "La Pieta di Pulcinella," the subjoined picturesque paragraph is extracted; it forms part of the description of the attire of

A Gay Assembly in a Theatre at Venice.]

The costumes of Italy, so picturesque and poetical in their variety, had already, towards the middle of the eighteenth century, completely disappeared; but still, notwithstanding the inroad of the French modes, each department had retained an impress of nationality. Thus, the Venetian ladies wore at the very top of their head-dress the Moorish aigrette; whilst those of Sienna and of Florence still adhered to the *pettorale*, or boddice of purple velvet, powdered with golden stars and silver bees. The men had almost without exception adopted the French court-dress; and the antique Milanese dagger, and Roman poignard, had been superseded by the light and tapering small sword, with its sparkling handle of polished steel, borne by our grandsires of the last century with so much ease and grace. The *recherché* cane and slender whip, in the hand of our exquisites of the present day, when on foot or on horseback, may doubtless be accounted as indicative of a great social improvement; but they are, both of them, as every one must confess, infinitely less graceful than the small dress-sword.

And the ladies, too, wore their weapons at their sides; and these consisted of enormous bouquets of roses, grenadas, and orange flowers, and jonquils and lilies, and tufts of the highly-scented tuberose, which they ever and anon plucked to pieces, as in playful abstraction they partook of the aroma of their glittering scent-bottles, adjusted the fancied disorder of a sleeve or a necklace, or, with white and jewelled hand, restored the equilibrium of an ear-pendant,—in such guise, that an incessant shower of rose-leaves, and jessamine, and flowering buds, seemed to descend from the boxes to the pit, and to transform the heads of the young patricians there crowded together, into a moving parterre, or a Persian tapestry.

THE SILVERY, WHITE-HAIRED GOAT OF ANGORA.

The Angora goat, peculiar to the province of that name, in the district of Asia Minor, is invariably white, with long silky hair, of one sort only. If taken from the province, they are with difficulty kept alive, and always deteriorate so as to be no longer recognizable. It is remarkable that the cats and dogs of this province have also long silky hair; the former over the whole body, the latter on the ears and tails only. This may arise from the nature of the country, which is hilly and composed of chalk, and very dry; the vegetation, upon the whole, rather scanty, and the trees small. The Angora goats are clipped annually, and yield from one to four pounds, English weight, at each clip. The price of the ordinary sort in the Angora Bazaar is now (September, 1839) nine piastres per oke (less than 7½*d.* per pound); the picked samples fetch 11*d.* per pound. That of the animals killed for food being removed from the skin by a preparation of lime, is thought to be injured by the process, and is, in consequence, sold at a lower price. The skin is exported to Constantinople, where it is dyed of various colours, and used chiefly for Turkish boots and slippers. The hair is exported either in the raw state, or in yarn, or manufactured into those delicate stuffs which are well known in Europe. Some of the fleeces are exported entire to Turkey, where they are used for seats for religious doctors: and a few reach Europe, where they are valued as rugs and saddle-cloths. A good skin costs 1*l.* at Angora, and 30*s.* at Constantinople. The hair is carded by the women, and then spun. In this process, it is well moistened with saliva before it is drawn from the distaff; and it is stated that in the melon season, the yarn is much better than that spun

at any other time, because the melon imparts a mucilaginous quality to the saliva, which softens the hair. Before the yarn is used by the weaver it is well saturated by *chireesh*, a liquor made from a root like a radish, brought from the neighbourhood of Konia. The process is a strange one, and was witnessed by Lieutenant Conolly. The yarn is stretched out on wooden frames, like the hempen lines in a rope walk; and two men, with large bowls of *chireesh*, take mouthfuls of the liquid, and squirt it dexterously over the yarn in very minute showers; they are followed by others, who press the moistened yarn together, and then spread it out again, so that all the parts may receive a share of the *chireesh*. The operators complained that the liquor destroyed their teeth; but they doubted whether any mechanical contrivance would so well answer the purpose. The yarn is made into gloves and socks by women, who knit so finely that socks are sometimes sold at 100 piastres a pair (nearly twenty shillings.) The weavers reside chiefly at Angora; and, before the Greek revolution, when the exportation of the raw stuff was prohibited, there were 1,200 looms employed at Angora, and 20,000 pieces of stuff sent from thence every year; now the number of looms does not exceed fifty, and they make only between 1,000 and 1,500 pieces annually. The exportation of wool, however, is very great; and there is little doubt that the province in general has gained much more than the city has lost by the change. —*From a Report read before the Asiatic Society, by Lieut. Conolly, Jan.* 18, 1840.

The Gatherer.

Gibbon has remarked that "were England to know the treasures in the Fine Arts which she really possesses, she would be astonished at their amazing extent and value."

The valour of the Templars was without reproach, and Bauseant, their banner, was scarce ever seen to give back in the fray. "The Templars," says Vitry, "were always the first in attack, the last in retreat."

In the history of the Red-Cross Order, there is only one instance on record of a Templar abjuring his faith; and that was an English knight, Robert of St. Alban's, who deserted to Saladin, who gave him his sister in marriage on his becoming a Moslem; and in 1185, the ex-Red-Cross knight led a Saracen army to the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, wasting the country with fire and sword.

William the Conqueror's Perjury.—Notwithstanding the sacred or superstitious character which jurisprudence in the Middle Ages had assumed, there prevailed, nevertheless, the most abundant perjury. Sometimes the trick was played by the opposite party, and the swearer was made *to take a greater oath than he thought for.* When Harold went over to Normandy, William, then Duke of that province, prevailed on him to swear that he would assist him in his future claims to the throne of England. Harold took the oath, laying his hand, as he thought, on a table merely covered with a cloth: on the cloth being removed, it was discovered that there had been secretly conveyed under it a box of relics of the most awful character. Robert of France, a pious prince, aggrieved at the amount of perjury committed, and that on the most sacred relics, had an *empty reliquary* made, that men might swear on that, and so be saved at least from the most heinous part of the offence.—*Blackwood*, CCXCII.

A Marriage Gift.—On the nuptials of Alexander the Third of Scotland with Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry the Third, at York, the Archbishop made the King of England a present of *sixty fat oxen*, which made only one of the items for the marriage-feast, and were all consumed at that entertainment. —*Matthew Paris.*

The *bitterness* of heaven is sweet:—how sweet then its sweetness!

The Great Essential.—There never did, and never will exist, anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which is a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Brasidas, the famous Lacedæmonian general, caught a mouse; it bit him, and by that means made its escape. "O Jupiter!" said he, "what creature is there so contemptible, but that it may have its liberty, if it will contend for it!"

Thieving Chivalry.—In Spain there may truly enough be said to be "honour even among thieves," the Spanish robbers generally giving their victim a certificate of his having been plundered, which effectually protects him from any further molestation.

Nature an exquisite prayer-book.—How much is he to be pitied who does not perceive God in the beauties which, with lavish hand, he has scattered over this wide world!

A controversy is going on between two physiological botanists, as to whether dead leaves preserve a greater degree of heat than green and living ones. The ignorant in such matters assert that they are both *cold.*

"Terrible weather this for coughs!" said Dr. D—— to his patient, "you seem to cough with more difficulty this morning, Master Muffin." Whereunto Master Muffin answered, "that is rather surprising too, doctor, for I have been practising all night."

Surely whipping must be of the utmost service, for every one will allow it makes a boy *smart.*

Life is the hyphen between matter and spirit.

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